

# THE WASHINGTON HATCHET

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THE HATCHET has a larger regular mailing circulation, with one exception, than any Sunday publication in Washington, and we believe the second largest local circulation in the District of Columbia.

The battle between Corbett and McCoy, last Thursday night in New York, was clean and clever, and has made many additional friends for the fighters. Corbett is, without doubt, the quickest and cleverest at the game of pug.

Let no guilty Chinaman escape should be strictly adhered to by our Government, and that the persons of our subjects must be respected by all nations or meet with dire vengeance from the United States, should be taught by our reckoning with China. That China did not declare war is one of the blackest lies in history.

The Boers are doing the sprinting act of the war, and from late dispatches are within sixty miles of Portuguese territory, for which they are making at full speed. The chase Johnny Bull is making after them has been so swift that the Boers had to drop all the prisoners held in their possession. The next stand taken by President Kruger is likely to be in Portuguese territory.

The race for the thousand dollar cup presented to the New York Yacht Club by Sir Thomas J. Lipton has been offered in class H and will be sailed by the "seventies" on Thursday, September 13, over a thirty mile windward and leeward course out from Sandy Hook lightship. Should there be no finish within the time limit of six and one-half hours, the race will be started on successive days, Sunday excepted, until decided. Sailing directions, with chart, can be obtained at the clubhouse. The cup is a beautiful one, and received with pleasure by the club. Much regret is expressed that Sir Thomas cannot be present at the race.

The thought, let alone the fact, that the United States Government will treat for one moment with the bloodthirsty Empress Dowager of China, is one of the most humiliating acts, if done, ever laid to the charge of any administration in the history of the country, and we believe it will be proven so at the polls by the people of the country, and will do more to defeat Mr. McKinley than any or all acts charged to him. The blood of our citizens cannot be paid for in just so many dollars and cents, and the influence arrayed against him of all church people will be of such an effect as to cause his retirement to private life without loss or regret.

There is something very wrong at the bathing beach. The number of lives lost by drowning at this place should have been cause sufficient to close it up. A bathing beach for the purposes of the city should be so constructed and managed that it would be a matter of impossibility to have accidents from drowning. The contemplated patrol asked for by the Commissioners should have been established at the beach the moment the place was opened to the public. If this had been done, many lives would have been saved. It is closing the door after the horse has run out of the stable.

Still another of Co. "A," Emmett Guards, of this city, has given his life to his country's cause. Expressions of sadness are heard from all parts of the city for the loss of our brave young comrade whose greatest happiness was to fight for his country. Sympathy is expressed by all for his mother, to whom he was very much devoted. A cablegram from Manila brings the news of the death of Joseph Ghant of Troop I, 11th Cavalry, U. S. V., at the age of eighteen. "At the commencement of the American-Spanish war he enlisted in the 1st Regiment, District of Columbia Volunteers, and going with his regiment to Cuba, served in Company A until they returned to this city, where he was mustered out. Remaining home a few months, he re-enlisted in the 11th Cavalry, and was sent to the Philippines, where he died July 29, 1900, of heart disease. His remains will be brought home and interred at Arlington. His mother, Mrs. Martha J. Ghant, lives at No. 478 F street southwest.

There is no doubt but that his funeral will be largely attended, and that the young hero will be given in death the recognition deserved by those who give their lives, their all, for their country's good.

Germany and Italy are not in favor of withdrawing their troops from China, neither are they in favor of Li Hung Chang as peace envoy. The whole thing so far is a burlesque of the most flagrant kind, and reminds us of our childhood days, when as a child we stood with a chip on our shoulder, daring some other child to knock it off, and at the same time shivering with fear at the thought that he might do so. Germany and Italy have taken the proper stand. China should be taught a lesson this time that will last forever. That the people of other nations should be respected and their persons, while in her domain, should be as safe as within the confines of the several countries to which they belong. The soldiers of the Powers should be kept in China. The present dynasty should be declared down and out, and a government composed of one-third native and two-thirds of the allied powers to govern China until every dollar of indemnity demanded is paid and the country fully dismembered, and made to feel what the fate of assassins is, and the heads of the Boxers in all parts of China should be detached from their bodies, and all those engaged in the persecution of the missionaries. There are many people in Washington who hold to the opinion that Li Hung Chang is well named, and that there is not a more crafty, lying trickster in the world than Li. He was identified with a class of adventurers while in this city, whose presence on one's premises would cause them to lock their chicken-house doors. He was connected with many schemes that it would not require an X-ray light to show them to be frauds of the worst kind. The thought of Li Hung Chang telling the truth brings a smile to many people of Washington who know him well. We believe that he would, even at this time of his life almost swear he was not living for one dollar.

## GHIPS.

The only way to conquer "spirits" is not to let them get on your inside.

If some other fellow should steal our thunder and print it one hundred years from now, what the difference does it make to us, and it may do some fellow good one hundred years hence, when it did not do a bit of good now.

Some people we know give us a pain spouting what great things their "dads" were, and make a draw on us after the story. We pay to get space for some other slob to drive us to drink. Charlie Mades is too close, only causes us to move one foot after the other, two times.

We often hear people say, "what a pity, he was such a brilliant man, he had reached the top of the ladder and was famous. But he fell and was not in it." Well, he never got there; if he had, he would be famous and not forgotten.

The great pleasure of our existence is to sleep, and how much we enjoy it, but when the troubled conscience drives it away, how often we are tempted and bring on the enforced sleep that knows no awakening but at the judgment day.

The thing that nobody can offer an excuse for is ingratitude.

Exaggeration is the effect of vanity, the only thing is that the exaggerator is not on, and tells you more and more until you wish yourself in heaven or the narrator in "hades."

When a man's wife gets to going out at nights to see how the store windows are decorated you may then cry "chips." The class increases as the desires multiply.

The wise man is the one who looks and learns as he walks, and knows that everything he sees is not old.

If you see a friend dumped in the mud without cause, benefit by it and dump the other fellow before he has a chance at you.

Bob Scott has traveled more miles hunting for work, and not found it than any other printer in the United States.

The thing is getting stale, and now the hobo printer racket is being overworked. The type "sahibs" are on, and when the professional card is passed through the office it is pennies not nickels that are thrown into the hat. The days of the hobo printer are drawing to a close. Six weeks' work in a year, all told, and a Typographical Union card to work on, has been a good thing, but the boys are getting on, and the graft is not quite so profitable nowadays.

The transaction that makes a man honest is profit. The transaction that makes a man or woman steal is profit. The transaction in every which way you can take it is profit, even for heaven or for hell.

We feel sorry to see servants made of friends, and then to know that a servant is never made a friend of.

If woman could but turn vice versa, and practice what instinct teaches them, and sidetrack their judgment, what a lot of trouble would be saved, and many more adorners would be added to the following of the fair sex.

The fault-finding fool is the pest of this century. Wm. McKinley is O. K., he chews gum and lets the other fellow talk himself to death.

Our brightest, cleanest and most perfect exchange is the Buffalo (N. Y.) Sunday News.

Newspapers devoting space to advertise Chesapeake Beach can get tickets in payment, and the tricks of Monte Carlo.

They say George Washington would steal cherries, and when his "dad" caught George in the act, he said, "Well, dad, I did steal the cherries, and I cut down the tree, and what are you going to do about it?" The inference is that George must have had a leather half sole in his trousers to keep him from hollering.

## "SPARTACUS."

The Author's Story of How He Came to Write It.

A writer in the *Levinston Journal* who interviewed Rev. Elijah Kellogg says:

When asked if he had written any declamations besides "Spartacus to the Gladiators," "Regulus to the Carthaginians," "Virginius to the Roman Army" and "Pericles to the People," he replied that he had written "Icilius," but that it had never been published. Then he asked the writer if he had ever heard how "Spartacus" came to be written, and when told that he had never heard an authentic statement concerning it Mr. Kellogg said:

"During my first year in Andover Theological seminary we were required to write original declamations and declaim them before an audience. A committee of three seniors criticised the speaker publicly, and Professor Parke performed the same duty privately. I always dreaded to face an audience and especially to be criticised publicly, and so I thought I would write something that would so interest them in the story of it that the critics would forget to notice the errors, and so I wrote 'Spartacus.' When I had finished declaiming it, the professor asked the committee if they had any suggestions to offer, and they said they had not, but Professor Parke told me privately that there were errors that might be mentioned, but that he was glad I had made a departure from the old custom of declaiming nothing but sermons and moral disquisitions and had given them some rhetoric."

So the author of "Spartacus" was the first declaimer of it. Little did he think that he was the first of thousands of academic and collegiate youths on both sides of the sea to recite a composition of so humble origin. This bit of literary history is precious as coming from the lips of this grand old man, and this interview will forever have a safe place in the treasure house of the writer's memory.

## THE PARACHUTE.

A Monk's Experiments in Air Flight in the Eleventh Century.

Credible accounts exist of an English Benedictine monk, Oliver of Malmesbury, in the eleventh century having tried to fly by precipitating himself from the height of a tower with the assistance of wings attached to his arms and his feet. It is said that having gone along a little way he fell and broke his legs. He attributed his accident to failure to provide his apparatus with a tail, which would have helped preserve his equilibrium and made his descent a gentler one.

In the sixteenth century Leonardo da Vinci first demonstrated that a bird, which is heavier than the air, sustains itself, advances in the air, "by rendering the fluid denser where it passes than where it does not pass." In order to fly it has to fix its point of support on the air. Its wings in the descending stroke exert a pressure from above down, the reaction of which from below up forces the center of gravity of its body to ascend at each instant to the height at which the bird wishes to maintain it. Some sketches which have come down to us prove that Leonardo occupied himself, like Oliver of Malmesbury, with giving man the power to fly by the assistance of wings suitably fixed to the body.

We owe to Leonardo also the invention of the parachute, which he described in the following terms: "If a man had a pavilion each side of which was 15 braces wide and 12 braces high, he might cast himself from any height whatever without fear of danger." It may be said, too, of Leonardo da Vinci that he was the first to suggest the idea of the screw propeller.—Appleton's popular Magazine.

## Rufus Choate's Bad Writing.

George Ticknor, the historian of Spanish literature, was once called as a witness in a case in which Rufus Choate was engaged, and, being seated by the eminent counselor, was attracted by the notes which he had made of the evidence. After eying them with interest, he remarked that the writing reminded him of two autograph letters in his possession—one of Manuel the Great of Portugal (dated 1512) and the other of Gonsalvo de Cordova, the great captain, written a few years earlier. (Any one who has glanced over these remarkable specimens of chirography will marvel that it was possible to make out a syllable of such illegible scrawls.)

"These letters," Mr. Ticknor assured Mr. Choate, "were written 350 years ago, and they strongly resemble your notes of the present trial."

Choate instantly replied, "Remarkable men, no doubt; they seem to have been much in advance of their time."—Caroline Ticknor in Truth.

## Sweet and Low.

A young man named Sweet engaged to marry a young woman named Lowe. A few Sundays previous to the wedding the happy couple attended church together, and as they walked along the aisle the choir began singing the song "Sweet and Low," entirely unconscious of the musical pun that was being perpetrated. "And all this happened in a city in Michigan,"—Choir Journal.

## Spinon Kop in Verse.

Said the British: "Here's a kopje. Let us charge and never stoppe. Till we bayonet and mangle All the fiends off the earth." So they made their rifles pople At the Boers on the kopje, And they rushed up to the toppe Venting shouts of savage mirth. When, alas, they reached the toppe Of this lofty, rocky kopje, The Boers had the droppe From the front and left and right. So the Britons made a dooppe, With a skipple and a looppe, And they quit that many koppe In a somewhat hasty flight. —New York Journal.

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## THE FIRST INDIA INK

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Like Many Other Things Which Have No Relation Whatever to Their Names, India Ink Has No Connection With India.

For many thousand years India ink has been to the artist and to the artisan the vehicle for the creation of much that is interesting and instructive and beautiful in the world of art, and it has a rather extraordinary history.

Like many other things which have no relation whatever to their names, India ink has no relation whatever to India. The Irish potato, it is said facetiously, is so called because it was found first in Peru. Therefore India ink may have been so named because it was made first in China, where the bulk of it has been made ever since.

Also, like most other things of practical utility to mankind, India ink was not an invention, but a discovery—that is to say, the individual who produced it first did so entirely by accident, without the remotest intention of doing anything sensible or useful.

About 3,000 years before the Christian era a Chinese alchemist, Tien-Tschen by name, while experimenting upon some nostrum for the eternal preservation of life or upon some formula for converting dirt into gold—it matters not what—accidentally concocted a black substance in the form of a liquid paint or varnish. This concoction was the first India ink.

The black pigment which forms the base of the ink was the soot obtained by burning lac and pine charcoal. This soot was powdered finely and mixed with some kind of size or glue. Fish glue, or isinglass, was used as well as bone or horn glue, and sometimes, in making the finer qualities of ink, pearls were boiled in glue. Sometimes dried ox tongue was added to give the ink a purple tint, and the bark of the pepper tree was used to produce a tinge of blue. The ink was carefully molded, dried and packed in wormwood leaves with lime or ashes until well seasoned. It is not stated whether sepia, the coloring liquid of the cuttlefish, was added to the ink originally or not; but, as the best India ink in use at present has a brownish tint, as if mixed with sepia, it is evident that sepia is used now in the manufacture of the ink. Sepia alone is used frequently in China in preference to the black ink.

As soon as it was discovered that India ink was likely to be serviceable to mankind it was perceived by the imperial diet to be a dangerous innovation upon the established custom of "not" having it to use. The empire had got along very well without India ink prior to its discovery, and it was Chinese public policy "to let well enough alone." Therefore the use of the ink was declared to be sacrilegious, and its manufacture was prohibited.

Apparently there were "millions" in India ink in those days, for a sharp competition in its production arose, and this was the beginning of trouble for artists and draftsmen. The market was glutted with worthless grades. At first the ink was superfine in quality, and the lampblack used in it was ground into an impalpable powder so fine that it was as volatile as vapor and possessed in itself an odor of musk. Later, when competition corrupted its production, coarser and cheaper pigments were substituted for the fine ones, and the ink was artificially perfumed with musk in order to disguise its inferiority.

The Chinese are passionately fond of musk, and India ink was used by them not only as a writing material, but also as a flavor for their choicest beverages. A little India ink rubbed in water was considered then a delicious drink, but modern India ink can hardly be recommended as a safe medium for interior decoration of that sort.

We are informed by the distinguished historian that all "good" India ink is inhabited by gods. (In China there are so many gods that it is difficult to find lodgings for them all; they are billeted, therefore, upon any convenient article, such as a stick of India ink.) From this startling disclosure of the historian we might be justified in presuming that all "bad" India ink is inhabited by devils. This view of the matter would account for the multitudinous trials and tribulations which beset the unhappy draftsman who tries to make a drawing with poor India ink, for certainly in unmitigated wickedness and total depravity India ink

PROPOSALS will be received at the Bureau of Supplies and Accounts Navy Department, Washington, D. C., until 12 o'clock noon, September 4, 1900, and publicly opened immediately thereafter at the Navy Yard, Washington, D. C. a quantity of supports and runways for electric crane, slide, gages cement, sand, broken stone, lime, bricks, hardware, poplar, iron pipe, steel forgings, and electric motors. Blank proposals will be furnished upon application to the Navy Yard, Washington, D. C. A. S. KENNY, Paymaster General, U. S. N. Aug. 30 '00

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